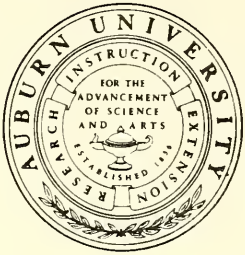
Spec
PS
991
.A1
M5

AUBURN UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES



Spec
PS
991
.A1
M5

NON CIRCULATING

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

http://www.archive.org/details/midnightotherpoe00unse

MIDNIGHT,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

NEW-YORK:
FOR SALE BY T. J. CROWEN, 699 BROADWAY.
1858.

JOHN A. GRAY,
Printer and Stereotyper,
16 and 18 Jacob st., Fire-Proof Buildings.

AUBURN UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
AUBURN, ALABAMA 36830

Spec
PS
991
.A1
M5
FEB 3 76
CB

CONTENTS.

		Page
I.	Midnight,	5
II.	The Meeting,	33
III.	The Moonlight Sail,	36
IV.	A Sunset on the Sea,	39
V.	The Contest; a Scene in Ancient Gaul,	41
VI.	The Poet,	49
VII.	To the Lark,	56
VIII.	Yearnings,	58
IX.	Hope,	61
X.	Stewart Holland,	63
XI.	To Silence,	67
XII.	Littleness,	75
XIII.	To the Butterfly,	76
XIV.	To the Jews,	77
XV.	Justice and Mercy,	79
XVI.	Columbus,	82
XVII.	Adam at Eve's Grave,	86

MIDNIGHT.

The king Josiah mentioned in the following, was that pious monarch of Judah of the same name, who overthrew the idolatrous images and temples which the people had erected to Baal, and the other prevalent heathen deities; Obadiah is his favorite counsellor, one who incites and encourages him in his pious warfare with idolatry; and is merely imagined, there being none such mentioned in the Bible. The poem, of which the following was the Second Book, proving to be longer than the opportunities and patience of the author allowed, was intended to carry an entire course of action to a greater length; but from the above reason, as much as is given below, was arranged as a separate poem, complete in itself.

Night, covering all the land, concealed base men,
Who, at their altars various and wide,
Polluted all her silent hours with cries
Of foolish madness offered to the moon,
With human sacrifices; Satan kept
These ever in his sight, and stationed round
With subtle watching demons whose command

Was madness to instill in them that cried,
And keep off cooler thoughts, the slow return
Of reason, which if harbored, would destroy
Their loose insanity: this guard he keeps
Always about immortals, mortal here,
For everlasting slavery to him
Hereafter, and so builds his growing state.
He shares himself this watch, for often placed
He is his own close sentinel; so plans
This subtle monster; darkness is his home;
Light which discloses his deformity,
Deformity disclosed to angel's ken,
He fears and shuns; yet light and day he meets
Audacious, oft unpunished, when his schemes
Compel him leave his shade; but in mid air
Before the morning or the noonday sun
He loathes to meet with seraphs, lest their eyes
See him less glorious than of old he winged
Superior flight to theirs, when raised aloft,
He swept heaven's empyrean, seen afar
Archangel proudest, nearest to the throne,
Brightest and thought the happiest; when he fell
Astonishment was boundless throughout heaven.
To-night he thus addressed his dark compeer,
Beelzebub, that other fiend scarce less
In power and pride: "How often shall we dread,
O friend! being gods, our failing votaries,
These changeful men, who never keep the same?

To-day observant, rebels all to-morrow?
Thee king, O Baal! declare what crowds obeyed
Last night, yea, do this hour, esteeming thee
A god, who devil art: to thy dark wings
They add effulgence; power where thou art weak,
In heaven I mean, o'erlooking occupant
The mighty Presence who controls all things.
But forward look in time, see and despise.
Behold these same admiring multitudes
Ashamed to mention Baal, afraid to lift
Their adoration to the full-orbed moon!
Thee they regard and others thy compeers,
No longer honorable, potent gods,
But wicked, base, and shameful; led by one
Puffed up with pride to abolish from his land
Both thee and me, with all our train; his hope
Our overthrow, when after drawing out
From hell her fullest forces, then by prayer,
To call for Heaven's strong succor, and condemn
Back whence they came, our proud advancing hosts.
But me he loathes, he loathes! then am I scorn
Even to a king? By this whereon I sit,
Hell's throne, thou shalt endure worse fate than fall
From thine distracted, haughty man! than be
Trodden and sick at heart! for here dragged down
Beneath this seat implore and sue in vain.

Then shalt thou see him glorious whom thy tongue
Presumes to spurn! O sad uncertain state!
O destiny not fit for one that flew
Unclouded in his splendor once through heaven!
To be at times the thing despised of men!
To be a mortal's spue! What does it help
My dignity once marred, if hundreds die,
If millions here come crawling racked by fear,
And all be hurled far off to ceaseless woe
And undecaying fire? the blot remains,
The insult is repeated or may be!
Thus I, hell's sovereign, hold a lame control.
Thee, too, Beelzebub, such fate attends."
The other answered choking with his spleen:
"What things are hourly done I hear and see,
O Satan! and I wish we used more wrath
Against these fickle crowds whom I despise
As much as thou, and altogether hate.
Call not unfaithful devils! men display
Worse treachery, for which if it occurred
Within hell's limits, neither thou nor I
Would mutter what they underwent for dread."
Thus he, enraged; to whom the subtle fiend
Disclosed his purpose. "Hear, Beelzebub!
Thou chief of many legions, never liked
So much as when important things require
Thy ready skill and daring enterprise!
This King Josiah, whom thou and I detest,

Is bold to rise against us, he a man,
And we strong spirits; therefore we shall go
Superior in this contest 'gainst his pride;
Let us afflict his soul with midnight fears;
By secret art raise in his bosom dread,
Strange horrors and disquiet unexplained:
These shall obstruct him; or by plans which fail,
Failing by us, his weary heart will droop
Discouraged and give o'er when he shall see
Rise up rebelling every where his realm.
Though he be king, yet must he still respect
His meanest subject, not forbidding him
Encourage and retain his private thoughts.
The sentiments of all men are their own:
The king may rule the land, but not their minds
Who there inhabit; if he use his power
Unjust, the pure unconquerable thought
Defies his chains, and struggles unto death.
Come, I will soon stir up this latent fire,
Which needs but touch to set it on a blaze!
Fair human right! I hold thee as a gem,
Precious and rare, found by a miner's hand
Beneath the earth! Who can oppose a plea
So fond, though men be various and false?
This most will lead the sober minds astray;
Sages will cherish it, the good revere,
Esteeming statutes impotent to mar
Man's inner liberty of thought and faith.

All human government is meant to be
Outward and open; inwardly the soul
Retires inviolate, and laughs to scorn
The peeping hindrances, which can not force
Their ingress, but are barred and bolted out.
Though now be not the age to practise this
With full success, (a later time shall give
More scope,) yet still what I can do I will,
And raise Josiah a foe not understood,
Unknown till now, portentous and not quelled."
"O chief!" the other fiend exclaimed, "how dark,
How wise thy counsel! now I do not doubt
Thy greater skill, nor thy true right to be
Acknowledged above all shrewdest in hell!
Nor wonder that thy plans first sprang to birth,
To compass heaven when firmest and untouched
By our rebellion: not a word had yet
Been whispered, nor a sidelong glance been cast
By discontented seraph, until thou
Didst gather from thyself thy subtlety,
And by thy strength didst wage disastrous war;
Nor when thy mind inventive framed new arms,
Explosive forces, bearing ruin vast
Amidst the heavenly battle-fields, thou wert
Wiser than now in raising up for men
This latest idol plausible and true.
It seems a virtue; yea, it often is

Genuine good when despots o'erstep
Their settled bounds, and give their private will
For universal law; then liberty
Shines out with candor, loved and praised by all.
But subtle questions blind the intellect;
Wrong goes for right; right suffers for a wrong.
Advance, O Satan! multiply their doubts!
Confuse their minds, and make them choose thy thoughts;
Instill with wary art, and loose their hold
On goodness, truth, and old stability!
By this most can we thwart this upstart king,
Who, young, esteems as naught experience
And all our powers; and calling out in prayer,
Gets aid, and causes us much shame and loss."
Then Satan answered: "Well I know, O Baal!
This will increase his troubles, but I wish
To chill with fear his proud triumphant heart.
Ere day approach, (lo! now the midnight hour!)
I'll summon yonder imp and send him forth
On secret errand." Speaking thus, he waved
His hand where crouched frightened and mute a fiend
For fear of him, lest some outrageous wrath
Sudden as felt before arise, and hell
Quake measureless with terror; such the dread
They have whom Satan rules; beneath his eye
They cower, and flee when flight betrays no scorn.

Then Satan gave him orders while he heard:
"Go close Abdiah, and whisper in the ear
Of Judah's king wild monstrous thoughts; his heart
While he sleeps touch, sit nightmare on his breast;
Distract his soul with vagaries, or chill
With ennui, languor, weariness, and woe.
Assume all shapes, and if in light there be
More fitting power appear in this, or seem
Seraph with virtue's garb about thee thrown!"
The fiend with low obeisance mounting flew
With either arm outspread, and crossed the space
Of outer hell; thence entering on the void
Which separates his dark abode from worlds,
Faster he strained his flight with skillful wing
And steadfast searching eye. Afar ahead
First scarce detected, glimmer out faint stars,
Acquiring light and place; a comet gleams
Upon the verge of worlds, and now grows less
Departing; other stars in crowds appear,
And forward heaven glitters and shines like night
To men on earth, save those familiar groups
Whose names and shapes we know; soon he arrives
Among their ranks, and cuts the comet's path
Athwart his orbit, skirting front and rear
Unnumbered suns; he traverses wide fields

Of nebular and mazy light, and marks
Far opposite our sun, and with approach
Detects the planets rolling round his fire:
Unwearied yet his spirit-wings of flight:
By Mars he shoots from having nearly touched
More distant Jupiter amid his moons,
And crossed the broken planet's ancient path;
At dead of night descending silently
He reaches earth, and casting towards the seats
Of Egypt eyes of longing, reads her crime
In lighted halls and shameless revelry:
Then turns to fair Jerusalem, whose streets
More silent, do not glare with ruddy lamps
From open doors, but lay in sombre sha de,
Save where they widen and the moon's full orb
By nothing hid, or tower or wall shines down
With flood of solemn light; though still the walks
The close shut tenements with impious rites
Were then profaned, if any there feared Baal,
And held their orgies, disregarding that
Determined law which King Josiah gave,
That unto idols none should offer up
Erroneous worship; him they disobeyed,
Subservient unto sin and secretly
Corrupt; so half the entire city led
This life of disobedience, to the eye
Of heaven now deemed mature for overthrow:

But those that feared the king and reverenced
God,
Invaded not the night with wakeful acts,
But slumbering let repose steal hours away,
While they in placid dreams renewed their
strength.
These faithful servants of their God and king
He sorrowful observed: "In slumbers drowned
Too blest for me to meditate upon,
Fortunate mortals! ye prolong your peace!
By day contented, night has no alarms.
For you no terrors lurk in loneliness
Or silent shade, because your breasts are clear.
Your peace casts no soft ray of tenderness
On our parched souls, nor do your glances light
A beam in ours; we miserable view
And still despair from certainty of pain
And endless permanence of woe: but you,
Ye other class, who weary night with cries,
Mistaken fools! slaves to a wily snare
Towards us you tend, towards us and our hard
lot!
We see the hour when we shall stand disclosed
Before you, not as Bel or Astoreth
Great, powerful, and glorious gods, but base
In our deformity and gloomy heat:
Ye, shuddering and confounded, shall shrink
back,

But can not far ; before, behind, all sides,
We unrelenting stand, and shall inflict
Your penalties more real than affright ;
Thence to thick glooms and heavy sorrows drive."
Such things revolving as he reached the door
Before the royal palace he observed
A shape not there unknown ; but whom he left
Behind when leaving hell, whom after him
To try good Obadiah with like arts,
And secret subtleties, Beelzebub
Dismissed with speed ; their salutation made
And objects known, Abbon, (so name the fiend,)
Casting a scowl of fury, thus exclaimed :
" How hard is this our servitude become !
What pitiful and feeble lackeys ! I,
For pride compels me utter burning thoughts,
I can not longer bend and play the fool.
My sovereign nods, I rise and prostrate fall ;
He speaks, I am attentive ; he commands,
To other end of universe I flee ;
In all a slave ; yet he's inferior
To many and many an angel that now roams
Celestial scenes where shackless fancy leads.
Ah ! blest existence whence we fools were cast !
Were cast ! and by whose means ? by his that now
Condemns us to new hardships, using us
As if our nature were beneath his own,
And not his kin ; the same in origin,

In fall, in wickedness; but power to him,
To us its lack: he schemed of old in heaven;
Be this our pattern now; as he once taught
Let us be apt and give him what he gave
His King, rebellion; let us stir up Hell
With blind confusion, drawing after us
His discontented armies, and engage
With these his menial remnant in a war
Horrid and fatal to his easy state.
Him, when the rumor comes, his heart shall fail;
His boastful courage shall die out, because
An equal, yea, superior fortitude
Shall meet his own, and injuries shall add
What most he lacks, a thirst for quick revenge."
He paused to mark th' effect of what he said,
But noticed that Abdiah trembled lest
For words so rash, secreted Satan might
Appear with hundred horrors, and with ire;
For one so various and forever found
Where least expected, was not surely known
To be where being, and where absent fled;
At one, or both, or none, their subtle lord;
And not his chosen counsellors could guess
At any time where he retired or staid.
Abdiah, therefore, shuddering while his ear
Received such bold intelligence, exclaimed:
"Abbon, fool-hardy fiend, once I esteemed
Thy nature cautious, but these words have shown

How foolish thou and weak; reflect how long
Satan has held unquestioned power and ruled
Spirits mightier and warier than thou!
Has Moloch ever risen against his face,
Beelzebub, and whom the wiliest fiend
We hold in Hell? Abandon idle dreams;
Rest, troubled spirit, much as devil can!
Repress ambition, for remember now
How pitiless is Satan when aroused
To active fury; merely now contempt
He casts at thee; provoke him not to drag
To unexampled tortures thy weak frame."
To him retorted Abbon: "Oh! how base!
How cowardly! who once before the front
Of Michael, ledst a gallant troop to war!
Not then did I surmise that servitude
Could wear thy courage, quell thine ardent soul,
Till they that followed thee grew shamed to see
Thy valor falter! Though thy band were few,
Subordinate division of a host
Obeying Moloch, by him brought to meet
Heaven's warlike legions, still none gained a name
Upon that field for courage more than thou
And thy companions; I recalling this,
Am now astonished at the sudden change:
Though well I know the wearisome hard lot
Which thou hast borne, and still dost bear, and
learn

From every hand how it subdues the heart,
Controlling it with heaviness, and cold
Inanimate indifference to the call
Of furious spirit; yet remember now
That magnanimity is chiefly shown
By bearing up against the blows of fate;
And if oppression sinks with heavy load
Upon the soul, and they that injure us
Mean our complete destruction, we rise up
And throw their shackles from us in our rage:
But if not potent for our liberty
Our souls endure in silence, keeping up
Their pristine nature undecayed and bright
For future fit occasion, when they shall
Excite strong action, renovate dull life,
And blow the trumpet for a scathing war
On them that bind our freedom. This I thought
Was thine imperial nature, unsubdued,
Glowing within thy bosom, if not seen
By outward eye; but, imbecile, thou art
Afraid to strike for liberty and live!"
Abdiah answered coldly to his heat:
"Go forth and stir up whom thy blindness thinks
Confederate and faithful bosom friends;
I should have thought suspicion of their zeal
And ultimate adhesion would suspend
Too hasty action, with the memory fresh
Of what they rendered Satan in his war

Against the heavenly powers; then if a way
Of reconciliation had been left
How numerous the press had been to gain
Their late rejected seats, and worship Him
Whom all before opposed! but now too late
Heaven sternly frowned; their disobedience
And foulest taint of sin made them unfit
For second entrance, and the Awful King
Forbade them come, who never can expect
To be forgiven their rebellious war.
But being thus disdained, their common lot
Did not impel them as their leader hoped
Might afterward transpire, to rest in him
Their undivided confidence, and be
One firm united state confederate;
For every one distrusted his right hand,
While spleen and envy thickened; every where
Wide discontent and busy tongues at work:
Till Satan gathered all about himself
By his unequalled power, and held by force
What he had not obtained before by art,
By their associate lot, or other cause.
From this learn constancy is not their trait
Whom you would govern, for I see your aim.
Satan is hated now, and widely feared;
For him no loyalty, no faithful band;
But impotent rebellion mutters low
What it refrains from fear to utter loud.

From this infer, foresee what thou shalt reap
Even if success attend; no settled power,
No order, no stability; keen care
And a continual hungering to know
Thine enemies, in order to destroy
Their plots, and lead to instant punishment.
Not only this, but when some other fiend,
As bold as thou, and now more fortunate,
Climb up thy throne, then how shalt thou endure
The accumulated pangs he will inflict,
When he shall so degrade thee that thenceforth
No more for fresh dominion any shall
Recall thy shattered glory? What is shamed
May never issue laws to haughty thrones.
Methinks 'tis more magnanimous to stay
Forever constant to a private spot,
Than raised a little higher thence to plunge
Beneath the proper station which we may
Preserve without dishonor; once I felt
Thy fiery fancies, but am wiser now:
Be thou like me, content, and cease from this
Extravagance, which certainly will end,
If thou pursue, in ignominious pain!"
He paused, and Abbon thus with wrath exclaimed:
"Oh! prudent safe exemplary advice!
Whence do I hear such counsels? do I stand
By opening heaven, and do I hear the speech

Of seraph uttering virtue? am I he
Whom, planning first a monarchy 'mong men,
His guardian angel whispered to dissuade
From wrong and bloodshed, to embrace the sweets
Of quiet life, and linger in repose,
Blameless and pure? Well I remember he
Turned off from that soft counsellor, and fought
His conquering way, and gained a dazzling throne,
And sat secure; and when he died, his child,
Born while his father was a king, stepped in
The vacant seat, and scattered far and wide
Paternal and peculiar laws, and grew
Into a monarch greater and more feared
Than was his sire: their names are yet retained;
Their ancient sites of grandeur, though the towers
Have long since fallen and crumbled into dust.
Suppose this conqueror listened to the voice
Of that soft seraph, would his power and fame
Have grown, and he be glorious as to rule
First among monarchs? Things on earth I choose
To show infernal states and my desire."
"But," answered him Abdiah, "you have forgot
The king you mentioned grovels now in Hell;
A lowly neighbor, once a friend of his
When he was private, (by his public eye

O'erlooked,) having died upon a virtuous life,
Now reaps serene enjoyment past all speech,
Beyond comparison more blest than he
When reigning sole and undistracted king:
Your case is lame; seek more substantial fool
To illustrate what rewards Ambition gives
To those that following, lose all other good."
He ceased, but Abbon could not make reply
To truth so broad, truth recognized in Hell,
Where all ambition tendeth, and from whence
Its sources rise; one bitter cry he raised,
Then mounting, borne on wings, was seen no more.
But the other fiend, Abdiah, silently
Pressed where Josiah lay, whom now in dreams
Easy and pleasant, happy fancies led.
First, sinking heavily, he wore his breast,
Remaining like dead weight, and by his art
Made mental horrors gradually arise
Across his brain; now suddenly are lost
Day and fair joyance, lost the smiles and love
Of tender-hearted friends; old memories,
Just dreamed of, vanish, as an azure sky
Gloomed by a sudden tempest, black and huge
Advancing ruinous; so o'er his soul
The fiend compelled dark anxious fears to pass,
With pain and sorrowing despair; he made
Life as life was in dreams, appear a blank,

A sad, unnoticed, solitary waste,
By which none came, and over it shrieked winds.
Beginning with this milder form of grief
As nearest change to happiness, the fiend
Led next across his spirit a sharp line
Of keen vexation, mortifying rage,
First subtle, next unmastered. In his bed
Still sleeping, rose the King, and with both hands
Clutched vacant foes; his eyes glared stone; he cried
Angry and sudden, till his chamber filled
With guards who entered hastily, alarmed
For him by whom they watched. Into their hands
Spread out to catch him falling, dropped the King
And woke astonished. "What is this, young men?"
He asked, with part of anger in his tone;
Then they declared the matter as it was;
To whom he answered. "'Twas a dream, no more;
Leave me again to sleep; the night is calm,
The gentle moon subdues all things with light."
They left him, yielding up his frame to sleep
Quiescently, not dreading solitude.
Soon things grow dim; the shaded lamp which hangs

Sidelong, no longer sheds its softened ray,
Nor from the open window comes the air
Of summer freshly on his heated brow;
He listens not to zephyrs, thinks no more;
For now hath slumber shut him out from these
And ushered him upon another life,
A place where heavy shadows shade themselves
With frequent night. He hears by him move past
Forms unperceived. What dismal realm is this?
And tenanted by whom? He loses thought
That he is king, and at his call should come
An army; accustomed courage leaves his breast;
And this is not the least which he endures
To whom, when waked, fear never comes; he stands
Awaiting what may issue from the gloom,
Anxious and trembling. Now a hand descends
Upon his shoulder, cold as ice, and weight
Like lead; while on his ear low mutterings fall—
"Doomed, doomed! Seize him, ye fiends, for this is he
That fights against us, puny adversary!"
Then as he feels an hundred talons sink
Into his flesh, and hears an hundred yells,
Timorous he asks what crime? "O weak Josiah!
Remember how you broke our images,

And cut our chosen groves, and killed our priests,
And made our name a by-word! it is crime.
Distract ye hounds, this prey, no more a king!"
Then from their secret passages emerged
Bands without number, glaring with their eyes
As red as coals. All these began at once
To fly against him as a rushing flock
Of seabirds beat a cliff by strenuous wings
Impelled; or which the maddened hurricane
Drives pitiless in fury on the crags,
Maiming their tender breasts; but while he shrinked
Suddenly the blackness vanished, and glad day
Shone on the gloom; the fiends retired in haste,
And fairer beings moving quickly up,
Turned fear to joy; no more he saw a pit
Full of strange horrors, but prospect fair and large
Backed by a purple mountain, and in front
A murmuring stream, by forests shaded o'er;
On either hand lay bounteous fields of flowers,
As wild as nature, mixed with fruitful trees
And running vines; kind, happy faces smiled
Between the leaves, and tender voices spake;
One whom he heard address him, uttered these:
"O prosperous Prince! to thee His smiles are given
Who made both heaven and earth; to thee he adds

Long life and full success, the name of Good
Prefixed to King, and long security.
Rebellion though it rise shall never harm.
All this, because the law of God is writ
Upon thy heart, and thou hast set thyself
To cleanse thy borders, and thy nation bring
To Him, whose laws so long they have despised.
Then turning, He'll forgive and strengthen all."
So dreamt the King; so foiled Abdiah left
With shame; for when the guardian angels saw
His wicked schemes, while bending o'er the couch,
Regarding how the King, by him opprest
Dreamt wildly, racked by horror and dismay,
And nearly mad, then they approached and cheered
With whispers low and sweet; their fingers touched
His temples that he felt the meshes break
Which first Abdiah wove; as at the hand
Of dewy Spring the frozen brooks run free;
While baffled far fled off Abdiah fiend,
Disheartened with defeat, and Hellward bound
To lay before his chief his ill-success.
He had not far pursued his sullen course
When, flying madly, with his visage flushed,
And fiery as Mars, upon the sky
He noticed Abbon; testily he flew,

Now here, now there; by sudden points and
turns,
Yet swiftly, wandering like a worried star,
And cast red glare. Abdiah learned by this
He also suffered shameful overthrow,
And was enraged, for none more furious lived
In Hell than Abbon, equal in his ire
To Moloch, but less strong. Towards him he
veered,
And overtaking by his steadfast flight
The other's zigzag course, thus called aloud:
"Say who discomfited thy wiles, O fiend?
Was Obadiah proof, or did he need
An angel, or a band to soothe his soul?"
"Accost me not! I hate the human race,
I hate their name, their memory; I loath
Both what I went to do and him that sent;
And whom I met my very soul abhors,
For while he was a mortal unprepared,
And I a devil come prepared, he rose
And drove me off; this to Beelzebub
Must I declare shamefaced, while he derides!
But first, wert thou successful, and so soon,
Why hither come, who shouldst be active there?"
The other speaking calmer, thus replied:
"Abbon, some men are favored: this is one.
My arts were useless; twice I called them forth,
Twice was I foiled; the hovering angels swept

My nightmare meshes from his throbbing brain ;
They brought him scenes of pleasure ; on his ear
They let glad voices fall with cadence sweet ;
Before his eyes young Happiness displayed
His beatific charms : this I beheld,
And knowing Sol would shortly climb the sky,
Fled off three hours ere dawn ; continued flight
Now brings me here to learn of your defeat."
" Thine was a nobler contest, for thy foes
Were spirit ; angels were thy conquerors.
But mine (how the fates use me !) was a man,
One man, and he from slumber half-awaked.
I came where my opponent lay asleep ;
I breathed upon his soul, which was as calm
As mountain lakes, protected from the wind ;
Better, thought I, to cast this placid rest
Than meet unquiet rage ; it is to me
A greater joy to mar than only add.
How soundly sleep these mortals ! how they lose
Their discontent and trouble ! Cares forgot,
Fears banished, nature renovates her strength
When locked in sound repose. Forthwith I sank
So sudden as to wake him ; up he sprang,
Confounded with astonishment, and looked
To find the heavy hand that struck his breast,
For he imagined human blows had fallen.
He woke his slaves, and made a careful search ;
None found, he sought again his welcome couch.

But first he prayed, and powerful in prayer,
Beseeching Heaven's unfailing help to-night,
I stood disclosed; from me made visible
Thin air retired, so was the higher Will.
Not conscious that my presence was laid bare,
I kept my place, until I saw amazed
The soldier rise and grasp his sword and strike
My crest, thinking me mortal who am spirit.
My separated parts adhered again;
I felt my fury rise; then I had seized
My victim and destroyed him, but I feared
Apparent Heaven; for round about I saw
Countless legions, whom Hell itself were weak
One moment to resist: we saw the same
On our last battle-field, when opened gates
Discharged in ordered rank and flashing plumes
Our mighty enemies. But when he saw
Twain merge in one and fissure left nowhere,
No more he clove, but sternly eyeing me,
Invoked a Name too holy to be heard,
And banished me far off; compelled I fled,
Still hearing his stern virtue and that name.
Through stars I urged my hurried flight, till now
We meet; thou not my leader in this war."
Conversing thus, and sharing mutual shame,
They traced their sullen journey towards the mouth
Of miserable Hell, where come, they mixed

With multitudes of devils either sent
On errand ruinous to men and good,
Or else returning laden with the spoils
Of their invasions fierce; earth was the scene
And man their prey. These passing by, they pressed
Within, where Satan seated, held the lots
Of all his subjects, haughty arbiter.
Their errand here delivered, Satan cried:
"Oh! weak, and chiefly thou, rash fiend!" but here
Broke in Beelzebub, "I rule yon slave,
I am his lord: deal with Abdiah thou,
But leave me Abbon!" hastily he spake,
Forgetting his great wrath whom he assailed.
To whom his King: "Beelzebub, for this
I now would hurl thee from thy seat of power
And make thee menial who before wert chief
Of many thrones; but that I know thy heat,
Thy quick intemperance and present fear!
Withdraw forgiven now, but dread to break
Again upon me, lest, less merciful,
Thy crime may meet no pardon at my hand!"
So threatened he, and his black forehead scowled.
Then Hell shrunk back alarmed, and left the space
Around them open, if by any chance
Such powers engage; but Satan politic

Desired no civil war arise in Hell,
And therefore added: "This is trivial cause,
O Prince! for our estrangement, who are bound
By kindred interests! more worthy seek
To make me your great foe. With this perform
What pleases you; among thy slaves he stands;
Not therefore less mine own, who rule all Hell,
Both mightiest and lowest: what I want
I take without a pledge; so ye subsist
By me, your monarch holding sway o'er all."
Thus Satan, proudly speaking, dignified
Maintained priority; and he that raved,
Grown prudent with reflection, bowed his head
In mute acknowledgment: Satan no more
Exacted, conscious of unshaken power.
Thus quiet was restored. Then called the King
Again Abdiah, from the dusky throng
That fleeing stopped far off, and thus gave word:
Though thou wert foiled, I know thee prudent; go!
Seek out again Josiah! That perform
With which I trusted thee to-night, and act
Nightly the same, and ever through the day
Beset his various path with newer snares.
Obstruct with hardships unforeseen; seduce
With gay declining pleasure; if thou canst
Pervert his virtue: for I know if once
He fall from his firm goodness, and love vice,

My kingdom loses then her greatest foe.
Be all to him; and when the noontide burns
Inflame his passions like a spark thrown in
Combustible material; when toil
Has wearied him at close of some hard day
From which he seems to reap no fit reward,
Do thou instill discouragement and doubt,
Doubt in that Power, whom piously he serves.
Thus doing, well; but fear to disobey."

He heard and left, by Satan's eye pursued
Beyond the separating void till lost
Among the stars; yet then the spot he eyed
Although his keener sight could not detect
Figure or shadow: in his mind he turned
His various chances, like a gamester plays
With his uncertain cards, and chiefly hopes
To win when his opponent's off his guard.
So Satan counting on man's ignorance,
Anticipated triumph and success.

THE MEETING.

She came true to appointment, but not there
She found him: was he false? had he forgotten
That there she'd be, and there would hope all day
For his expected coming? What had been
Since they had parted? Was he false? Oh! no!
But him some harm had met, or accident,
Or irresistible necessity,
And he can not, although he would, be here.
How fast the driving sun descends the sky!
How fleeting are the hours, and yet how long
Is waiting! late it grows towards hastening night,
And soon the twilight over all will charm
Sea, earth, and heaven; and then the moon will rise
Unclouded, for no clouds are visible
As yet, and pleasant is the afternoon,
And nearly past.
A little while has fled:
He is not come. O heart! what sorrow checks

Thy previous rapture, thy enchanting hopes,
And stifles thy breast's swelling exstasies,
Leaving all vacant! neither joy nor woe
Inhabiting the bosom neither claims,
Until assurance be established there
Whether he come or come not! Let time fly;
Banish corroding fears. O Evening fair!
Now just begun, what holy spell is thine!
What eyes are thine, and how more lustrous beams
Venus, of all bright queen! to her attends
The nightingale, high sitting in the bough,
And thence attuning mellowly her throat
To a delicious warbling; is it love?
At least her mate is faithful; faithful, said I?
But so is mine. Ah! bosom not at rest,
Thou unbelieving love, uncharitable,
Not tried before, and failing now when tried,
Know he is true and full of honor, moved
By tenderest affection, never swayed
By aught but honesty and truest candor.
How pensive is the night! the dreamy boughs
How dark and murmuring, how soft against
The silver moonlight! Eye of heaven, look out,
Traverse the lonely road, the dusky fields,
See if he comes! look forth, dear placid moon!
Call for him, nightingale! extend to him
Ye branches, unto him extend your arms,
And beckon him near!

A footstep! Hark! whose?
She paused; the fluttering of her breast drowned
sound;
Nearer she catches it again. He darts—
'Tis he—he rushes up, and, ere she drops,
Supports her agitated frame, and hears
Her faint voice welcome in the fondest tones
Of love, which cold delay chilled not.
He tells
The reason of his waiting; how he longed
To be upon the spot, but how a cause
Which I need not repeat, and which once told,
She asked not for again; an urgency
Making it then impossible to come,
Such as sometimes occurs, and gives alarm
Till all is afterwards explained, withheld
His punctual presence: but, Maria dear,
He says, to make for this complete amends,
I hence depart not, till mine own thou art,
And I am thine. Be witness, silent moon
And night, and ye dark solitudes! Their hands
In one another joined, they leave the spot,
Anticipating how the morrow shall
Dawn for them happiest of their happy lives,
And afterwards new mornings see them one
Who yet are two; although but one in mind.

A MOONLIGHT SAIL.

The lake lay silent 'neath the silver moon,
Which threw upon its bosom a soft light
Of gentle beauty; o'er the banks hung out
Deep boughs which ever trembled; underneath,
The rippling waves seemed willing to be stilled,
So languidly they moved, save when a gale
Arose, and far across the ruffled lake
A flood came rolling up: if on the beach
You bent your ear and listened, then you might
Detect the presence of the silent swell,
The lapsing of the ripples; as it were
A sound that can not be remarked, but known
There to exist, and needing finer ears
To catch its soft impulses. As you lie
Oh! what a fairy scene the quiet lake
Seems burnished to the eye! for all the waves
Shine silvery or gold. But rise! not this,
Nor this abstraction; for the boat awaits,
And she, our fair commander, one who gives
Orders and we obey; she calls to us

And says our mutiny is manifest.
Now enter we our shallop and launch out
Upon the bosom of the lake, to her
Attending, and there steering where she bids.
Ah! Helen, thee, and none but thee, we wish
To lead us over fairy floating realms,
And underneath such silvery moons, in reach
Of whispers from the trees, where ever roam
Night breezes, tending all one way, all here
By thee attracted! is not Zephyr now
Among thy tresses truant, having fled
His home among the wild-flowers? Hear his voice!
Almost our ears can catch his whispers, meant
For you and love! unravel us our doubts;
Instruct us in his pleading, so that we
Know how to plead, and taking speech from him,
Succeed in our best wishes! Oh! the charm
Of sitting by the side of her we love
More than all else, and underneath a sky
Tenderer than day, and moving o'er the expanse
Of calm still waters, bearing in our soul,
Peace, pure and tranquil, with no looming care
Before us in the future hours; no sense
Of conscience wronged that in His eye who made
Us and these several joys, we blameless are,
And all our thoughts acceptable! The charm,
O Helen! in thy presence of this night,

This silent lake, those trees along the shore!
We float, and float, and care not where we float,
So but the lake be round us, and, above
The moonlit sky, and silence on the air.

A SUNSET ON THE SEA.

I saw the Sun go down upon the wave ;
The western sky was all ablaze with red
And golden light, but softened air and sad
As summer settings are ; the orb remained
One instant on the water like a god
Departing, yet who lingers o'er the earth
One last retiring glance to throw, and then
Vanish, but vanishing to leave a train
Of glory in his passage. On the sea
The deepened colors heaving lay, and wed
The water unto heaven ; and so they seemed
But one, both having kindred beauty. Soon
The hues change line by line, as darkness sinks
Gradually down ; the eastern sky grows dim,
Night comes, but stops midway across the heaven,
Gazing on Twilight, sister of a blush
Not given to her and very beautiful :
Night looks and is enamored, and refrains
To banish what is lovely in her eye :
Therefore they linger, till yearning after him

From whom she gets her warmth, sad Twilight hastes
And follows on the Sun ; the vacant clouds,
The solitary heaven then Night asserts,
And muses on the beauties fled away ;
The heaving Ocean shares her memories,
And both brood over Twilight gone, but he
Recalls the Sun and thinks of more than Night.

THE CONTEST.

A SCENE IN ANCIENT GAUL.

The morn awaked is moving in the east:
One too awakes to lift his tempered dart
With heavy grasp, and bid farewell to wife
And press his sleeping babe; for now the hour
Is near for combat, and the foe awaits
Perchance the earlier man upon the field:
Fires his soul with fury at the thought!
He dashes out; the trees surround his form.
Abandoned, weeps his gentle partner; weeps
Aroused, his babe unconscious why it wept,
Eyeing its mother's water-coursing cheeks.
She takes him in her arms and urges out
Fleeter than hound. Whom hurries anger so,
Or hot ambition in our mortal chase,
As love, divine propeller of the feet?
So fled she swiftly on: now she attains
The field of contest bristling on the view

With horrors of harsh war; her lord she marks
With his accustomed step and haughty mien,
And countenance of courage; and opposed
The hated chief that would cut down his pride.
Meanwhile the chiefs (so Gallic custom holds)
Approach and sing their glorious ancestors,
And mingle taunts, and insults, and deride
The baseness of their adversaries. Such
Betrays no cowardice in these sons of war;
But more like beasts of prey that dare provoke
The deadly clutch and fury of their kind,
So these to probe each other's rage essay.
And first she listened to her husband's voice.
"Come, mark our contest, O my godlike sires!
Come with your unseen spirit-steeds, and blow
Into my soul your ardent breaths! I fight
Anew your ancient battles; lend me fire,
Thrice-heated flame, that I may burn yon wretch,
This, that presumes to stand upon my path!
Have I slain nobler men, and shall I stoop
To this poor form? Now while I sing of you,
Let yon pale shiverer listen; let him loose
His limbs for flight when terror comes upon him.
A coward's like the wind; but if he wait
My story ended, let us clash our arms.
"Afar in time Hesittan left his vale
With bear-skin round his loins, and knotted club
Grasped in his fist. Rude were our fathers then,

But worth a hundred now. He met six wolves,
With blows as many slew them; this he scorned
To think twice on. Then roaming south he took
A lion 'scaped from negro-land and tore
His teeth-fixed jaws apart; in deadly strain
The monster worked for very life, and aimed
To eat our noble father, but he lay
A carcass at the close of that hard fight,
Staining the club with blood and brains: his skin
Succeeded to the bear's, cast now aside,
And clothed the giant's frame. Towards southern Rome
Peopled that day by warriors, men of steel,
My noble sire next wended: there three knights
Beneath the city walls he squeezed too hard
'Tween thumb and finger, and against the gates
Did hurl them screaming on the way of death.
Outpoured the city much amazed and wroth,
Four hundred soldiers, but the giant mowed
Some dozen scores, and laughed at them, and cried:
'Come out all Rome!' and waited: Rome delayed,
When in contempt he left her seven hills.
This same fought with the Germans, piled their skulls
In heaps on every highway, laid a fear
A hundred miles in circuit on the roads,

And seemed some grim avenger from the gods
Sent down for human punishment. He died;
'Twas of no common sickness, but one day
Grew black the heaven with thunder-clouds and flashed
The rapid lightning, blasting over oaks
And stately pines: he marking how they fell,
Crushing the undergrowth, swore heavily
To tear them like the lightning did, and bent
His strength to twist a tree; a sapling seemed
The rounded trunk beneath his human toil:
'Aha!' he cried, 'in labors of the gods
I take my part and bear my trophies too!'
With that the thunderbolt descended swift;
He moved to shake it off, but here his might
Grew paralyzed and with the tree close-hugged,
He sank to earth disfigured by the flame.
A neighboring city came and buried him.
"His wife was of his nature; her blue eye
Had gazed permitted on the seats of gods:
Something of heaven was in her milky breast,
For often Pity, native to the skies,
Moulded her thoughts and actions for some wretch,
Else doomed with death before her sterner spouse.
From her the giant drew a noble race
Of sturdy sons like him, and girls like her;
Her wisdom to his strength they joined, and led

Paternal and maternal virtues down
The honored line; of which the sixth I stand.
Whose sire Rome feared, and nations quaked to see,
Tremble to call to battle, else thy corpse
Shall stretch the plain and women weep beside."
To him the other party: "What will stop
This boaster save the javelin? words are vain
With such a tonguey fool; but that these men
May know my line is kingly, and enrolled
Had heroes great and feared, I sing their deeds:
Let this thin bravery vanish while I tell.
"A kingdom bore my fifth forefather's sway;
Its breadth consumed a month of travelled toil;
Here browsing flocks and numberless brave men;
Here terror shook her tresses at the foe,
Which, often vanquished, came as often back
Provoking fresh defeat: at last, annoyed,
My sire resolved to subjugate the world,
And yoke them into quiet, that his rest
Might flow on undisturbed in latter days.
He fought a border battle first, and won;
Then traversed three small kingdoms; at the fourth
A wall of mountainous crags, precipitous,
Frowned sudden prohibition; this to pass
Leaped his great spirit, and the fixed command

Went through his hosts; whereat grew noisy tongues
Into a tumult, for the thing they held
Was all impossible; then scarlet flushed
His cheeks with blood and anger, and he made
A dozen targets of those noisy men
For twelve good bowmen; each one pierced his mark;
'Twas death to miss before so hot a king.
They now began the ascent, and followed goats
Where neither highway nor a path appeared;
And separate often, often met by fews,
Toiled up the rugged mountains; here swift darts
Toppled some down the chasms, direct by hands
Unseen and deadly; but the foe was small
And small his slaughter. Thus they labored on
Till three weeks later, sunny plains below
Attracted softest ease, and happiness
That all thought fled forever, came again,
And drank her usual draughts by murmuring founts,
And chose again her cool arboreous spots.
"Thence stretched his way toward Rome; but this is doubt
Whether he laid a siege or passed her by:
But legend says the king refrained to war
On such a strength of wall, from want of means
To shake their rocky lines; for engines vast

Are needed to subdue this sort of foe:
But had the Romans left their stony seat
And met him on the plain, they braver men
Had shown them on that day, and with the strife
The world from end to end had echoed round,
So strong so numerous both the rival hosts!
But they content to miss illustrious fame
For safety, live till now. The king pursued
His path of battles till for home with spoils,
Satiate, he turned his course, and laid his life
Towards close in lap of plenteous peace; his name
Bear to this day some rivers, mounts, and capes."
The chieftains now seize on their horrid arms:
They cast the javelin, beat the shining shield,
Assail, retreat, provoke, descend, uprise,
Flee sidelong, plant the blow, till nature spent,
Demands a space for strength and wind's return:
This used for flashing anger, scorn, and scowls,
They urge again the contest, blows on blows,
The crash of limb on limb, of sword on sword;
Shakes the whole frame till like a bullock felled
A vanquished chieftain drops; the soil resounds
Near to an earthquake. Motionless surveys
The victor o'er his prostrate enemy,
And gathers breath with patience, till he learn
Him overcome or willful to renew
The heavy trial: but no sound escapes
The other senseless on his fatal field.

The silent conqueror leaves him with his slaves,
While o'er his face his wife weeps burning tears;
His kinsmen mourn; his dog creeps mutely close;
But to the other flies his thankful wife,
Her eyes all love, her arms put forth to lay
Upon his heaving breast their smiling babe.

THE POET.

Strange beings are we men,
And strangely moved!
In joyous boyhood when
Our hearts have loved
Deeply, tenderly,
A cheerfulness and zest abound,
And like a maiden's voice is sound.

Darkens soon the heaven a cloud;
Thunder rumbles, but not loud—
Low and far as boding ills;
Dull become the distant hills;
All the lands we loved appear
Fruitless, sunless, lone, and drear.

We have such delicate souls when young,
Gold is base, deceit our tongue
Has never known, and oft the skies
Receive the scrutiny of our eyes.
All unselfish, we admit

Least as well as great to sit
Within our limits, and employ
Still our souls with some new joy.
Then we weep with those that weep,
Wake with wakeful ones, and sleep
Side by side with heavy lids;
Never little pride forbids.
Of truth, of beauty votaries we,
And love the land, but more the sea;
We climb the rocks which breast the waves,
And feel with winds we are no slaves,
Nor ever could resign the right
To welcome day with chainless sight;
And soon we toss along the brine
And flounder where the fishes shine,
And bear the sun on dripping backs
Where the gay dolphin shows his tracks.
Again, the land we tread alone
And search for spots before unknown,
And sigh that man's all-present tread
An earlier advent here has led.
"Is man then every where" the heart
Exclaims, stung with the sudden smart;
"Are we, so late in time, forbid
To take away the door that hid
One place on earth? are all things known,
And nothing left to call our own?"
Then to the stars we turn and gaze

Upon their distant lessened days
Lent feebly unto earth in rays,
And in our soul's great wonderment
Desire to probe the firmament;
Yet not like science, rule by rule,
And make sublimity a school,
But as the Arab would who leans
Above his steed and marks their scenes
At midnight when the Pleiads sail
In solemn silence, six sisters pale,
From whom one went in starry wail:
In such a mood as this we try
To bind the influence of the sky,
And bring ourselves by Job who saw
These silent spots long years before.
  But business calls us soon away
From these charmed things, as night calls day,
And darker than night our souls become
Like little children long from home.
We walk with Memory through past years,
Their light our joy, their gloom our fears,
And once again, and yet once more,
As loath to break our dream, the roar
Accustomed rises from the shore;
And merry infants then are we
Joining the ocean's sturdy glee.
Some dear companion sails our soul,
And holds again his first control,

For faithful artist, Memory,
Revives his image by the sea;
And our full heart breathes forth a prayer
That Heaven make him peculiar care,
Direct to good and snatch from snare.
But chief to parents kind and true
Our soul goes forth as seeks the blue
Of day's unchecked expanse the bird
Whose voice at early dawn is heard:
Our father much, but mother more,
Calls forth our love, and on her breast
We sink in dear protected rest
As we have rested years before;
Always to lie thus we implore.
Return our home and early scenes,
The dear old rooms and outside greens;
Each spot is sacred with its own,
And with our thoughts lies overgrown;
As rocks which nourish generous flowers,
Are covered by their grateful bowers.
  But Memory mostly fails through grief,
And present sorrows overcome
The power to think; the soul is dumb;
Till lastly slumber brings relief,
And rest o'ertakes us like a thief.
  Awaked, refreshed, Ambition sings
His syren song of chainless wings,
Of planet-fame, and just applause;

And soon th' unwary spirit draws.
He enters on the arduous course,
And conquers first through native force;
Soon vanity the fledgling breaks
The egg's thin shell, and he awakes
To cast a weary glance behind
On things which only vexed his mind.
Then for repose his spirit weeps;
Mid constant labor little sleeps
The heart of man, but for this boon
He prays in life's high sultry noon;
Come down upon his temples then
Great actions done by other men,
High thoughts of genius, beauty's way
Of noble words; with this essay
He cheers his mounting soul and moves
Amid new joys, superior loves,
While round his brow's poetic glow
Bright beings heavenly chaplets throw.
He mingles now with all the great
That on the earth held grandest state,
Either of kingdom or of mind,
The proud, the wise, the strong, the kind;
All ages did he see, though past,
The earliest vivid as the last,
And future years were opened by
Imagination's daring eye;
Almost prophetic grew his glance

Thrown out long seasons in advance.
His theme was human progress oft;
'Twas then his spirit sailed aloft
On highest wafting; then her spark
Grew sun, and left no shade of dark:
At other times his tender strain
Made company with the dove's soft plain,
And heard at evening's mellow haze
Composed the soul from heated days:
Some words he uttered were like sobs,
None listens but upon them throbs;
Like love were others; maidens placed
Them where their breasts were overlaced,
And youths, with knowledge where they lay,
Attempted plunder, for they say,
"These thoughts received from you will read
To both of us our dearest need."
But when the opening of the year,
Reviving Spring brought bashful joy
That has with smiles and tears employ,
He caught her smile of sunny cheer
And lent it to his song; it glows
Where just unchained, the streamlet flows,
And widens with dissolving snows;
It hangs upon the fresh green leaf;
It lives within the heart's belief
Of noble blooms a few weeks hence,
Of which these are the evidence;

It lives in myriad insects roused
From those dark holes where they were housed,
To walk, to hop, to fly, to sing,
Glad in the happiness of spring.
Her tears he caught when sudden showers
Pressed with their weight the fragile flowers,
But tears of joy, to see when o'er
They rose more lovely than before.
He so loved nature that beside
She always walked his careful guide,
Keeping his simple pathway free
From ill conceits and pedantry,
And moulding all his thoughts to her,
Pleased with her closest worshipper.

TO THE LARK.

Sweet Lark! if bards have oft been moved by thee
To join their song with thine, because a bird
So joyous by their hearts could ne'er be heard
Without a wish to magnify
Its voice and presence in the sky;
No more can I refrain from thy pure melody;
No more can I refuse to praise thy flight,
Mount like the soul of morn amid her light.

Deep in thy dewy nest where tender lie
Thy young, thou sattest patient till the eye
Of slow-ascending day began to streak with red
The eastern dome, and chase the gray
Across the heaven till the display
Of gathered splendor darted; then thou thy lifted head
Heldst to the apex of the new-born blue
And spedst thy way even as passing through.

Thou seemst a winged prayer ; or like a soul
That long dark hours has suffered sin's control,
But made electric by the Sun of Righteousness,
Carols with Hope's clear tone to ask
Mercy's great boon—delightful task !
Rejoiced to climb fresh skies for Father's voice to bless :
Or any other thing of this pure kind,
Thou shapest, leaving gross behind !

YEARNINGS.

THERE are heart-sorrows which we speak not of,
Sorrows of long account, which give their hue
To all our pleasures, making them less bright.
I recollect what joy it gave me once
To read the pages of old authors, where
More honorable and stronger nature lived
Than present times admit of: I recall
How glad I read in Sallust what they spake
Who lived at Rome when Catiline arose
And filled the entire city with distrust;
What he performed, and how his energy
Was not effaced in death, but lingered still
Upon his rigid features. And of him
That pleaded (ah! in vain) before the seats
Of Roman demagogues, to save his throne,
Himself an exile from his rightful court;
While potent there his father's charity
Jugurtha, whom his sire had reared and fed.
What inward joy these pages gave my mind!

And other books, or Virgil's noble verse,
Or Cicero, with cultured eloquence!
Those days have fled; I read no more their thoughts.
Me hard necessity, associates
Dissimilar in their desires and aims,
And cramped occasion fetter, that I lose
The genial glow of that springtime of thought.
Ah! let the muses claim their votary!
Let them descend with heaven within their glance,
And me inspire with ardor to pursue
Amid the trials of these darksome days
The course they once laid out. Oh! ye that wait
To ease the troubles of the sorrowful,
On me take pity! me illume and cheer!
Fill me with other passions than these base
Which prompt the careless multitude; grant fire
And energy of thought; make beautiful
What in me lies disordered; make my soul
Ardent and pure; and bid me follow you!
Then from the contact of mere selfish things,
Into an higher region, where enthroned
Sits Love, and where sublimity resides,
My spirit yearning shall escape and mount.
Return, ye Nine! ye that in earlier days
More friendly lingered round my boyish path!
Then seeing you I thought ye would remain.

Ah ! wherefore fled ? and why am I alone ?
Why do I call and hear no answering voice ?
Fair Fugitives, oh ! now return, lest woe
O'erwhelm without respite my troubled soul.

HOPE.

Ah! what a cheat is Hope! His voice decoys
Onward, still onward, still Excelsior!
Ambition, clothed in armor, with a sword
Advances toward the blue-eyed smiling youth,
And begs him gratify his ardent wish:
"Inspire these haughty men," he cries, "with hope!
Make them believe in future power and gain."
Hope promises; the greedy multitudes
Pursue and peril peace, until at last
They find they're tricked by Hope; but he is gone,
His joyous eye no longer beams, his voice
No more incites; behind is weariness,
The conscience of a ruthless life all lost;
Before, a prospect void of smiling hope:
Ambition's gone; despair alone is near.
Hope seeks another class; he finds the good.
He tells of constant pleasure for the just;
Of a serene and prosperous sky o'erhead;

Fresh airs to waft; and at the evening close
Maturity, with full content; like fruit
Which having passed its spring, and safely blushed
In ripeness yet unplucked, now loosening drops
Its lengthened hold upon the tree of life.
Such, Hope assures the good, will be their lot.
Ah! inexperienced, they believe his words!
But soon a partner or a child is lost,
Then is the sting of sharp bereavement felt;
Next comes misfortune; how the sickening blow
Falls on the fullness of his first content!
Things now go wrong; embarrassment and loss;
And censure then not wanting, cuts his soul;
False friends depart, the good and true remain;
In them for once no liar Hope; these prove
All what his cheerful voice assured they were.
Perhaps disease next follows; after that
Worn out, and weary, Death asserts his claim:
The hour is reached; his troubled eye must look
On what no mortal ever gazed upon,
Gazed on and lived; Heaven grant he die serene!
Oh! here at last let Hope be true, not false!
Whate'er he whispered, fondly whispered once,
O Christian! let my earnest prayer be met,
That saved, the gates of pardoning Heaven unclose,
Thou entering to reap immortal joys.

STEWART HOLLAND.

What stir is this among the sea-green girls?
This that compelleth hurryings to and fro,
And breaketh each one from her cherished curls?
"A man!" they whisper, "whither shall we go?
A man from earth descended! let us fly
Ere this o'ertake us with his human eye!"

But Neptune: "Fear not, daughters! this is one
Whom bring your choicest flowers to deck and bloom;
Who but an hour ago beheld the sun,
Beheld, and all unconscious of his doom;
And when that doom gaped, never did his eye
Forget to look on truth; him do not fly!"

Advance they then, and move before the seat
Where Holland just from firing of his gun
Was placed, while gentler waters laved his feet;
But yet his head was bare to be set on
By chaplets due to heroes, which their hands
Convey of buds, and leaves, and golden strands.

"Bring him my liquid-gliding coursers now;
Bring him my reins of guidance; him upraised
Enchant in progress at my chariot's prow
With whispered music. Lo! my lights have blazed
Into their brilliant colors, and my pearls
Hang out like stars for him! Attend, my girls!"

Then opened all those maids their dewy voices
Breathing out like many dying swans,
At first so sad like dirge; but soon rejoices
The changing measure by degrees, as wanes
Dim night at day's approach; they thread the sea;
Pleased with their eyes, young dolphins round them play.

Now how the monarch prideth in his guest,
Exulting over many a league of sea,
They sing; and how "a charmed disturbless rest
Is waiting far beyond, O youth! for thee!
Beyond these watery realms from which a ghost
Thou travellest soon unguided and unlost."

"But wander, wander, dreamily wander now,
By coral rocks and Neptune's old abode;
See here the mermaids with their woman's brow!
And here great halls where ancient giants trod!

There Venus rose, and rising, all the sea
Curled round her waist, reluctant thence to flee.

"View far before yon murky coil of surge
That dashes furious 'gainst its central rock;
There do the fates forever chant their dirge,
High seated on the apex of the shock:
Fell Scylla and Charybdis, famed of old;
To tempt their wrath no prince of ours is bold.

"These things, O Holland! by our lord's command,
And thousand more, as many as the sea
Contains, we show thee, thou who hast on land
Now gained a noble fame eternally;
Nations shall speak of thee with pride, and hear
Thine action oft retold with grateful ear.

"'Tis this impelled these coursers and this wreath,
Thine own to be whilst here a guest; 'tis this
Moved Neptune airs on thee divine to breathe,
And mix thy spirit with the keenest bliss:
Thy noble fortitude, thy swerveless aim,
Thy duty unto death—the hero's fame."

Thus spake the nymphs, and he entranced awhile
Lay in his car rejoicing; till a thought
Came o'er his soul, and with a happy smile,
"I wish," he said, "that higher life, for naught

Are these, though pleasure's here, beside that
bliss."
The maidens trembled as he uttered this.

"Ah youth! no more consider that far land,
Consider not her distant joys, for here
Are scarcely less, and with as full a hand
Dispensed; and now thy presence has grown
dear
To all our tribes; we will attend on thee.
Dismiss that country for this boundless sea."

But Holland, and his voice with sorrow moved:
"To you, fair creatures and your king, I give
A grateful heart; but I have ever loved
To muse upon that land; in thought I live
Among her meads and mountains, hear her
sounds,
Fear in her worship, walk beside her bounds."

Then like to many dying swans again,
Their voices modulate, and all the sea
Hung motionless upon their soft complain
With silence both of woe and mystery:
An unknown feeling filled great Holland's heart,
He wept, and moved his pinions to depart.

TO SILENCE.

Mystic Power ! that binds the soul
In a tender charmed control ;
Thou by name of Silence known,
Though thou hast an inner tone ;
Thou hast dropped thy chain once more
On my spirit as before.

Now all thoughts of action cease ;
Naught can satisfy but peace ;
All the strife and search for power
Which incite mankind an hour,
All the phantoms of the brain
Travelling o'er a darkened plain,
Vexed ambition—pass away ;
All have left us calm to-day.

Power divine ! in woods alone
Thou'rt not found, where overgrown
Heavy trees the eye surround
Like the tomb of light and sound :
Neither dost thou only dwell

By some shaded maiden's well,
Where at sultry noon, but she
Partly slumbers dreamily:
Nor exclusive on the main
In a calm when seamen strain
Eyes afar for trace of clouds
Which shall stir their drowsy shrouds:
Holding over all of these
Usual sway, thy realms increase;
Every where the spirit flies
Turmoil, there her placid eyes
Linger in a spell on thee,
Silence! and thine own is she.
Oh! what scenes and thoughts are thine,
Languid power but still divine!
For when winter comes with chill
Languor flees the icy hill,
Leaving thee, O silent maid!
Much too pure to be afraid.
Then thou bringst thy votaries near
What was murmuring flood last year,
Teaching pale philosophy
In the thraldom that we see;
Sadly dost thou pass thy hand
Over all the prisoned land,
Over all its sheeted snow
Where the winds of chilliness blow;
Sadly do we mark bereft

Branches on their bare trunks left,
Stiffened now too tight to bend,
Though the northern regions send
Heaviest blasts with stony hail;
They shall break, and with their wail
Far the hills reëcho round
While they're falling to the ground;
But they yield not as they do,
When warm zephyrs come and woo.
  But in summer hours we see
Fullest in thy glory thee;
Like a dame of former days
Sculptored forth, on which men gaze
Awed, and filled with hallowed swell
In their bosom's deepest well;
Goddess, which the marble gives
And it only; one that lives
In her purity of form,
Rounded bust that's all but warm,
Attitude, and classic face,
Thought's serenest resting-place.
Silence! tell us who have come
Making with thee tarried home!
Tell us first in time of him
Born with thee, whose fatal whim
Broke a blest sequestered state,
And was cast disconsolate
Over earth to till and sweat,

Ere the bread of work he get;
Yet not all alone, for one,
She by whom his sin was done,
Close attended, and became
His sole joy this side the flame;
He in Eden had his bower
Not peeped into by a flower,
Where through leaves the scanty ray
With a feeble power might play;
Where he sat and mused of heaven
And the life of mystery given
Him a little while ago,
And which now may onward flow,
Far—how far? O subtle thought!
Was it thou the serpent brought?
Was thy realm, O Silence! curst,
Teaching man rebellion first?
Whence thy holy charms, oh! whence
Heavenly love's strong evidence
Felt 'neath thy control, if thou
Hatched for man the fatal woe?
Outside seraphim's sad flame,
Solitude he sought the same;
Bitter, oh! how bitter were
Thought, reflection, and the tear!
And if thou his evil wert,
Now he tasted of thy hurt;
Keen with thee was sorrow's sting,

Till the heavenly coursers bring
On his silence and his night,
Chariots with a pardoning light;
Angels gathering round his head,
Then thy reign, O Silence! fled;
Till, the holy thrones retired,
Heaven with usual lights was fired.
  Silence held the patriarch
When at evening in the ark
Lone he sat above a sea
Shoreless in immensity;
His three sons are looking far
O'er those waves without a bar,
Where no lands nor peaks remain,
Since that fatal morn of rain.
What his thoughts at this sad view,
  Seeing nothing of the land,
Nothing of the sky's mild blue,
  Though he search on either hand?
Thinking of the men that lay
Overtaken by the spray;
Locked in death, wave-washen clay?
Thinking of that awful morn,
When the sun of beams was shorn,
When the deluge-bearing sky
Gloomed with wrath for every eye,
And the mothers press their sons,
And the maiden wildly runs,

And the father speechless stands,
And the children flee the sands?
But for Noah 'twas more grief,
Sorrow entered like a thief
On their scenes before they bent
Unto God, all penitent.
Father of the Hebrews, he
Called of God, in silence sat,
Knowing nothing yet of that
Which was for futurity;
Gazing on the clustered lights,
During one of Syria's nights;
When full-blaze, they glitter far,
Prompting wish of what they are.
He, like Job, perhaps made song
With the Hebrew measure strong.
Such a night as this did God
Open to his eye his road,
Speak of journeys westward, and
Seed as numerous as the sand;
And by faith he rose and went
Whither that sure vision sent.
'Twas when silence bound the air
Jacob saw the shining stair
Trod by noiseless feet, and there
Waking, lift his matin prayer
To the presence that can hear
What to mention spirits fear,

Both, lest any foreign ear
Catch the private thought, and lest
Such thoughts may not be expressed;
Quietly he placed the stone
For an altar; he alone
Priest and congregation stood,
Supplicating God for good;
Then on silence came the vow,
"Earth's great Saviour-stem art thou;
In thy seed born numberless
All the nations thou shalt bless."
And when silence held his ear
Came the voice to Moses clear;
For the sake of Israel,
Teaching how the wrath to quell
Of the Egyptian, and to guide
Hebrews by the passive tide,
Passive being petrified,
Gathering rage when chariots ride
On their tracks, and whelming lost
All that proud pursuing host.
Passing all until the time,
Mournfullest of mournful years,
When Gethsemane in tears
Viewed her God; for human crime,
For the made the Maker bends
Unto grief and pain; he wends
Slow from those that can not keep

Their dull heavy eyes from sleep,
Slumbering on the eve when he
Was grown nigh to Calvary,
And the cross in shadows lay
On the front of coming day;
With the thought of scorn and hate
From the multitude elate,
They by him through ages kept:
As he mused great drops he wept;
From his forehead sweat did flow,
Blood seemed bursting from his brow.
Holiest hour and place are ye,
Place and hour, Gethsemane,
Next to greater Calvary!
But, O Silence! wherefore, tell
How thy spirit often fell
On great men and gave them power
To endure affliction's hour?
Or to mount aloft, by thee
Taught in deep philosophy?
For one parent thou of worth
Unto all the men of earth:
Thee they seek when they desire
To enkindle nobler fire.
Be it ours to seek thy rule,
Let us learn to love this school.

LITTLENESS.

'Tis not in size all wonder dwells;
Not Himmalaya hills excels;
Hills multiplied the mountain make,
And new are formed when mountains break.
The greatest men are mostly small;
Mind loves the little more than all;
The wealthiest ores are fewest found,
And things most worth less full abound;
As if to teach us to descend
And make the smallest thing our friend.
And more the weakest is the care
Of Heaven than mighty tyrants are.
Then let the small in trust depend,
And stronger none of these offend.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

Dark butterfly! on purple wing,
To thee I turn and wondering sing!
Whence drewst thou forth those wealthy dyes?
And thousands follow where one flies.
Tell man that troubleth ease and mind,
Where may he such rich colors find?
Then shall he stain the pliant woof,
And hang these glories on his roof.
Soft-shaded insect, beauty's thought!
'Tis said, from grovelling worm thou'rt brought;
Science so speaks, but can not tell
Who knows to paint the worm so well;
But thou perhaps canst bid her lend
Attentive ears, and wisdom send,
By praising Him who science made,
And all these robes on thee arrayed.

TO THE JEWS.

HEBREWS! read the sacred page,
Surer with increasing age;
This declares your destiny,
This declares ye shall be free.

Hebrews, sighing deep with woe,
Long 'mid ashes grovelling low;
Raise aloft firm Hope's blue eye,
See your noble destiny!

Hebrews, long your fathers bore
Pharoah's heavy hand of yore;
Moses, called by God's command,
Led your fathers from his land.

Hebrews! when th' Assyrian hounds
Scented over Zion's bounds;
Late at night the angel came,
Breathed his quick devouring flame.

Hebrews! which of nations stays
Ever fixed, whom Time obeys;
Yielding all his ruinous force,
When your path arrests his course?

Hebrews! whom the prophets sang,
Lo! with you has heaven's dome rang;
Lo! with you the pregnant earth
Throbs awild with glorious birth.

Hebrews! wake, arise, renewed!
Beings that have now subdued
Ages, nations, and shall stand
Each a monarch in your land.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

About the time when Eden's gloom
Was sinking down upon the tomb
Of pristine happiness, there came
Two spirits of opposing flame,
And midway over night's domain
Halted, and converse thus began:
"What errand art thou on, bright one?
What to this sinful orb undone?
Hast thou not heard the dreadful tale
Of fallen earth, a theme to pale
The roseate hue of cherubim,
And make angelic glances dim?
Mine is to alter all that kind
Confiding love, from which as blind
Weak Adam basely turned aside,
When him the fiend successful plied.
I've come to curse the earth; my name
Avenging Justice; sharp my flame."
This heard the other with surprise,

And spake with both her tearful eyes
Wide oped in deepest tenderness,
As if they could make Justice less :
" But I am come with kinder aim,
To breathe man peace, for in my name
Shall he alone repose, and raise
His glance aloft in prayer and praise.
Ah ! Justice, then, retire and leave,
My comfort to the pair that grieve !"
" Mercy, (for that your title,) no !
For this I've travelled skies, for woe ;
A law is broken yet again,
And Satan seems to extend his reign ;
That others may revere the law,
Be these accurst; but thou withdraw."
" Ah ! Justice, do not frown so black !
Remember pangs can not call back
The former state, nor punishment
Reverse things done. See, they repent.
Ah ! quench not in a ruthless night
This virtue dawning on the sight !
What answer canst thou bear above
In telling of their stifled love ?
And of this earth become a black
And heartless void ? Oh ! hasten back !"
" Mercy ! you weary with your sighs ;
What's man ? what all his groans and cries ?
I scorn them in the guilty pair.

Go! give me place. I'll hear no prayer."
Thus Justice stern, and shook her spear;
Through man there ran a mortal fear;
Dismayed, dear Mercy felt the pain,
And dared not longer plead for man;
When came a voice: "Let Justice be
Accomplished on depravity;
But Mercy stand thou always near;
'Tis thine to treasure up each tear;
Man's sighs are thine, his woes and pangs:
Afar in time deliverance hangs,
Which when the ages have rolled by,
To earth shall hasten from the sky."
Then Mercy sighing took her post,
Relieved to listen man not lost;
Thus mingled those opposing wings,
As Justice strikes, still Mercy sings.

COLUMBUS.

We trimmed our sails and started with a breeze
Well filled with shouts of joy; and gliding trees
Awhile near shore, we launched at last far out
Till lost was every tide men knew about;
And any where the eye might turn, the sea
Lay in its calm and boundless majesty.
Day after day we sailed beneath new skies,
And all did wonder with their silent eyes
At the vast ocean that we sailed upon,
And marvelled when our journey should be done.
We sailed for weeks, and never met an isle;
'Twas cheerless there without a land to smile
A welcome to us seamen far from home;
And "land," we whispered "land! when will it
come?"
Thought urged, came forth, and helped me to pursue
My journey with her teachings; 'tis not true
"That all before is sea and no where land,
Else this unequal earth could never stand.
Cheer up, my men! it is a sober tale,
Round is the earth and balanced: we the veil

Shall draw aside that shuts the world in gloom,
And give to nations here a wider room."
I saw them cluster by their twos and threes;
Sometimes I caught their whispers on the breeze;
I was alone; none but One Eye could mark;
Here wrong need not delay until the dark.
But in the open sun, and on the sea,
Also through conscience and their fear of me,
And with uncertain knowledge of their path,
They spared me life and checked their swelling wrath.
Thus farther on, and yet there came no land;
Then one rose up, and pointed with his hand:
"Look yonder! mark! 'tis sea, 'tis naught but sea;
Look back upon a past immensity.
We labor, friends, t' increase this pilot's fame,
Or with him perish through an idle dream.
Now let us turn and disobey this chief;
If he oppose, the tide affords relief;
If passive, let him live: for think how far
Perchance we sail our only guide a star."
But I ere answer was returned: "Send down
On this poor wretch your most indignant frown!
How came he here? I chose a faithful crew,
But one debases, one man blackens you!
As ye do value honor more than life,
Condemn his words and cease from fatal strife.

Your looks are clouds; but wherefore? Have I led
Your course in dangers? Have I basely fled
And left you helpless? yea, you know no way
Unless I live and guide you o'er the sea.
Then learn by this that I am faithful still;
I lead to glory and direct from ill;
'Tis Heaven that makes our course its constant care,
Else how could we have safely come so far?
But if a longing after home impels,
And any thought of this your bosom swells,
Bear with me yet a little space, and then
Comes there no land we turn our prows again;
Three days vouchsafe: 'twould be a shame to miss
So noble continent, so near as this."
They acquiesce and leave with freshening wind
Their anchorage and mutiny behind;
Some signs appear; a sea-bird cleaves the sky,
And later floats the watery rockweed by:
And later still, far far beyond the main
We catch a glimpse of long-lost land again.
Thus far our journey. Let me cease to say
What I received at home from Spain, and lay
My private griefs before the public eye;
My wish was reached, my dear discovery:
Though nations offer tardy laurels, yet
All sorrow in this new world I forget.

ADAM AT EVE'S GRAVE.

The eye of day is shut: the gentle stars
Beam in the summer air, and the new moon
Glimmers upon the western sky's far verge;
When Adam sat, Adam an old man now,
Far from that towering form of gracious strength
With which he guided Eve, in happy times
When sin was yet unknown, and God was wont
To walk beneath the noon; or at the hour
Of mellow twilight cool; or such as now
Aside the timorous moon, or when she rode
Queenlier the middle sky. Ah! blissful time,
Too blissful now for saddened memory,
As faint she drags along the present woes
With backward eye of tears. Oh! shall there be
Ever such calm again for mortal life,
Such quiet happy scenes and holy thoughts,
Such walks, such innocence! So Adam wept.
He rises and with memory of Eve,
(For he recalls her as she oft was seen

Under the skies of Eden near some shrub,
Or by the stream which gently glided through
That paradise,) he seeks the hallowed spot
Where she was laid, called earlier from the earth.
"Dear Eve!" as soon the mound appeared, "my life!
Thou, thou art gone; thou travellest now the dark
Unutterable realms of which no tongue
Can find a word of knowledge, which no thought
Can penetrate, even from that wild hour
When fell beneath his brother's hand our son.
Freshly thy hillock blooms with simple flowers;
Freshly the long grass groweth over thee;
And sits familiar as it were no spot
Of treasured grief, the various-throated bird
High on her bough and chants her mellow song.
But thou, if thou hadst never died, O Eve!
If we had never ate nor disobeyed,
Mightst still have sung with voice of changeless power,
And kept thy youth forever, with no fear
Of outward nature sinking with decay,
Or of a coming tempest, or disease,
And least of such as this, a silent grave.
Ah! truthful were the heavenly guides we had,
And most untruthful he, the envious mar
Of all our joy!" Thus Adam sad in thought
Leaned motionless, those earlier memories

Reviewing once again, so oft recalled
Since driven from their scenes; while Eve remained
They had not all been lost, for in her eye
Were still reflected angel companies
At which she tended, and within her grace
The grace appeared of all those airy things
That moved in joyance there, and in her voice
Were recollected heavenly harmonies.
So during sorrow she had been to him
A lingering Eden, melancholy touched,
A dear associate: but now both lost
To him was left of all his former joys
But God alone; He, though averted, kind:
To Him he lifts accustomed prayer and longs
To fly these griefs, and at his Father's hands
Find, as he thinks did Eve, compassionate love.
Close by stood Abel's mound, the ruined pile
On which his lamb lay bleeding, ruins now,
Then firm and stately reared as fit to hold
The sacrifice of God: o'er this, the youth
Fell stricken, first of men a corpse, for whom
Till now an universal pity throbs,
And universal wrath is hurled at Cain,
The prime destroyer: spotless was thy life,
Thou slaughtered youth! obedient was thy death,
Resistless to thy murderer, lest the stain
Lie doubly on you both, in double hate

And equal ruin! He was driven forth
With punishment, but thou in quiet slept:
His sentence went beyond his strength: his face
Men called a shame, a vagabond on earth
Cain lived, and human laws evaded him.
Abel was laid beneath his altar's stones:
He slain lay close to Eve. Their two still graves
Were gently brushed by passing evening airs,
And noticed by the moon between the boughs;
Till Adam rose to go, as oft he had
After long hours with solitary thought
And melancholy recollections spent.
But when I saw him leave, ere he was gone,
I could not hinder my full clamorous thoughts,
From thus addressing: "Father, first of men,
Before thou goest, hear me say what things
Have moved my breast long since," and when he stopped,
I thus continued: "First wast thou in time,
Beholding nature and the moral world
With purity of sight; thou didst commune
With bright celestials; even God was known
To thee in counsel and confiding love:
And thou hadst Eve ere mortal days were come,
Ye both immortal then; and of the stars
And things in earth, though now forgot, thou knewest
The many secret laws; and last at noon

When thou and she were plucking of fair fruit,
With no concerning hand or careful thought,
Then came the blight to happiness and thee,
The thrill of sin inbreathed in guardless ears
By one beside the ears; his poison marred
That holy quiet Eden and on Time
Laid weight amid his wings' swollen purple veins;
Next came the awful questioning of Him
At cool of evening, hitherto to meet
Urged by the prompting soul, but now to shun
Kept back by her throbbing with sin and woe.
Then awfullest fell the curse; and saddest at
The farewell gates the parting made with joy
In company of stern and flaming swords
And purity of angels, by the fall
Rendered too keen for presence to the flesh:
And last the still lone undiscovered world,
Plains, rivers, mountains, and the settling night
On every side round you and Eve, with fear
Of what unknown and frightful punishment
Might lurk in execution of the curse.
Now Eve is gently sleeping, Abel's calm,
Is there no yearning for the quiet grave,
O sorrowful Father! lonely many years?"
He with his aged tremulous voice replied:
"Consider me the oldest of mankind,
Whose years stretch through a thousand gloomy shades

Of human life, for life is grief though joy
Takes sometimes transient peep ; and think how full
Even to brokenness my heart has been
With suffering and woe endured by those
I should have guarded to a sinless birth :
And think though fallen once, I do not love
This giant sin that stalks along the world,
This pictured pleasure where a gloom invests
All hearts, nor lend a careless hand to bring
The guilt of man's debasement into play :
Nor have a hard, unpitying breast to grief,
Their heritage through me : on these reflect,
And fear with me my sighs go vainly up
For mercy on my children, broken wide
On earth's laborious face ; and as for me,
But that I know in watching Eve that hour,
Her last of life, that she was pitied then,
By God compassionate, I now might fear
To lift a prayer for mercy ; but from her
I draw a consolation, and at night
Still falls anew the comfort on my soul
In meditation watching by her grave :
Therefore I have a hope, 'tis more, a faith
Of free forgiveness whensoe'er from flesh
I stand released ; and so I long to go."